

# For the Children

**The Busy Child.**  
I have so many things to do,  
I don't know when I shall be through,  
Today I had to wash the rain  
Come sitting down the window-pane.  
And I was running all the time  
Around my head a kind of rhyme,  
And blowing softly on the glass  
To see the dimes come and pass.  
I made a picture with my crayon  
Rattled out to show the underneath.  
I built a city on the floor,  
And then I went and was a war.  
And I escaped from square to square  
That's greenest on the carpet there.  
Until at last I came to (s),  
But it was very dangerous,  
Because if I had stepped outside,  
I made believe I should have died.  
And now I have the best to mend,  
And all our supper to pretend,  
I am so busy, every day,  
I haven't any time to play.  
—Josephine Peabody.

## Around The World.

The following objects were placed throughout the rooms, and the guests were told to make a tour of the various cities and countries represented. Programs were furnished with pencils, the objects and answers being as follows:

- A pair of opera glasses—Pekin.
- A piece of carpet—Brussels.
- A porcelain plate—China.
- A big C, string on cord—Cordoba.
- A bag of coffee—Java.
- A bottle of perfume—Cologne.
- A jar of apple sauce—Kansas.
- A picture of a wedding ceremony—Dublin.
- A lemon peel—The Rhine.
- A laundry basket—Tacoma, Wash.
- A piece of cut sugar with a big A on it—Cuba.
- A stone painted yellow—Yellowstone.
- A knitted jacket—New Jersey.
- A miniature windmill fitted with two feet—Milwaukee.
- A bit of Canton flannel—Canton.
- A jar of molasses—New Orleans.

## A Lesson For A Boy

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him, and said, "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?" The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way," he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt," Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day. —Home Herald.

**Did You Ever See A Horse Cry?**  
"Did you ever see a horse cry?" asked Herbert Tennent of a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heart-breaking manner. In the West, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed."

## It Roused Him.

The boy was sinking fast. His eyes were closed and all attempts to rouse him were ineffectual. The physician had watched by the bedside for half an hour without success, and finally announced that the only hope of saving his life was to rouse him from his stupor.

"Cannot some of you induce him to make some exertion?" he asked. "We can do nothing unless we can make him do something for himself."

Then the boy's mother went to the bedside and pleaded with him to rouse himself for her sake, but there was not even a motion of the muscles of the face to show that he heard. She told him how much she would do for him and what nice times they would have when he got well, but he did not stir.

Then the sick boy's little brother crept to the bedside and said, softly: "Eddie, the folks who lived in that big house up the avenue, with the lot of windows and the greenhouse, have moved, and the place is empty."

The eyes slowly opened and the little brother went on excitedly: "All the boys is going there Monday to shy some stones through the windows."

"Who gets first crack at 'em?" asked the sick boy, feebly.

"You do," replied the little brother. "The boys gives you first show 'cause you can throw straighter than any of 'em."

"I'll make the people who owns that house think there's been an earthquake," exclaimed the invalid boy, trying to sit up in bed. "My! won't we have fun, though!"

"He'll live!" cried the doctor, joyfully, and the little brother was taken out and feasted on pie and tarts until he was high unto bursting.—Tit Bits.

## These Problems Seem Easy.

If five cats can kill five mice in five minutes, how many cats would be necessary to kill twenty mice in twenty minutes?

If a cow and a horse were reclining on the ground in a field twice as broad as it is long, what would be the difference in their manner of rising?

Which would you rather have, six dozen dozen dollars or half a dozen dozen?

Now it's hard to tell whether you can solve these problems off-hand, but it's safe to say the majority of folks are unable to do so. It's one of the failings of the present of humans that they fall easy victims to questions of this character—phrased in tricky forms.

Nine out of ten folks will gaze at you scornfully when you propound the cat puzzle and answer "twenty cats," without hesitation. Yet you'll finally be able to convince them that with the extra fifteen minutes the original five cats could slay the extra fifteen mice.

The cow and horse question is intended solely for wise city people. It is a nature fake that the farmer sees through immediately. The urban wisacre will ponder for a long time, but the agriculturist will tell you that it makes no difference what the dimensions of the field may be, the horse, when it decides to rise, will use its forelegs first and the cow its hind ones.

In the matter of dollars, if the problem is put quickly the victim will invariably answer, "It doesn't make any difference." After a bit of thinking, though, it will become plain that six dozen dozen dollars are \$60, while half a dozen dozen dollars are only \$72.

There are any number of these trick problems. Some of them are as old as the hills, but they are just as good as on the day they were first brought out. Even ask a person "Who killed Cain?" and you are sure to be told that Abel was the murderer. And many folks will fall flat if you say quickly: "Noah had three sons, Ham, Japheth and Shem, who was their father?"

If you know a watchmaker try this one on him:

Tell him that recently you ordered a watch chain, but that, owing to some misunderstanding, the jeweler furnished not a complete chain, but six short pieces containing four links each. It is your desire to have the pieces made into a complete chain, and if he will undertake to do this you are to pay him for his trouble at the rate of a dollar for each link he closes. If he agrees to these terms, ask him what his total charge will be.

The chances are that he will promptly reply, "Ten dollars," pointing out to you that to join the sections together he will have to open and close at least five links. "Not at all," you answer him. "If I pay you at the proposed rate I shall only have to give you \$8." Should he dispute this, you may then proceed to show him that if he takes one of the sections and opens the four links of which it is formed these will suffice to join up the remaining five sections into one chain.

**Would Want It Back.**  
"I wish I had Rockefeller's money," "It would only cause you endless trouble."  
"I guess you're right. He'd never give me any rest."—Washington Herald.

Two new electrical journals appeared recently about the same time bearing the same name. One comes from New York and the other from Chicago.

# THE TELLER'S TRIALS

Some Feminine Eccentricities Before His Window.

"Many amusing as well as trying incidents happen at the teller's window every day, and a bank teller must be a born diplomat as well as a careful business man to be able to cope with the situations in which he finds himself placed, especially when dealing with women," said the obliging man behind the window grating the other day.

"All sorts, kinds and conditions of people follow each other in rapid succession in front of our window, and where we have to use tact in dealing with people whose experience in banking methods has made them careless as to their own interests or the bank's, we have to keep a sharp lookout all the while to prevent any one of the numerous sharpers from taking advantage of us. Most of the well-known sharpers, however, are carefully described now, and their methods are all on record, so that if one of the old ones try it on us it is a pretty difficult thing for him to make away with it. There are new ones coming out all the time, though, and they are the ones that tax the shrewdness of the teller to the utmost, for the sharpers know that it takes something pretty smooth in these days to get-by the modern teller. But besides the occasional joker who comes in and asks me to give him two tens for a five, I haven't had a single experience with a sharper for the last six months—let me rap on wood," he hastily said, as he realized that his last statement had been somewhat of a boast.

"Is there any one class of people who give you especial trouble?" asked the interviewer, sympathetically.

"No," said he, smiling. "It isn't a matter of class at all. It is wholly a matter of sex. I don't know why it is, but women are notoriously the worst offenders against the banking rules. It is most likely that a great many women have had little or no experience with business affairs, and they have hard work learning them. Don't think for a minute that all of them are that way, for some of our largest customers are women—business women—and for shrewdness they are hard to beat. But the average woman, when she has any money in the bank, is like a sailor on land."

"Not very many days ago a young woman with the gold band still new on the third finger of her left hand, came into the bank, looked around carefully, went over to the desk in the corner and began to write something. Presently she finished and made her way over to my window, then very faintly she handed me the pink check that she had been making out. I didn't remember having seen her before, and so I looked at her a moment longer to see if I could place her before I looked at the check. Then I really did get a shock. The name signed at the bottom of the check was that of a prominent business man around town whom I knew well, and who had recently taken to himself a wife. The check was made out in the right order, but the name signed was surely never written by him, so I asked the lady, 'Who signed this?'"

"Why, I did," answered she, with a blush, but no signs of hesitancy. That took me back for a moment, for I had never had any experience with a person quite so nery before, but then she went on, ingenuously:

"You see, we were married a couple of weeks ago, and as Jack has already told me that everything that is his is mine, too, I thought I would draw some of his money to shop with today."

"This was a poser and no mistake. I knew that she would never understand if I tried to explain all the details of the banking business, and that Jack would be in for all sorts of trouble when he got home that evening, so I just went into the next room and called up her husband, who had an office only just around the corner, and told him all about it. He had a good laugh about it over the 'phone and then hurried around to the bank. He arrived before his wife had begun to get impatient about the money, and, pretending innocence, asked her what she was doing there."

"Of course she told him all about it, and then, after telling her that there might sometimes be a little trouble about her getting money that way, fixed her up with a little bank account of her own to check against as she pleased. She went out as happy as could be, but we might very easily have caused them considerable trouble and lost a good customer, if we had not been awful careful."

"Not quite so cheerfully did the troubles of one girl prominent in the younger set turn out after her father had had to leave town on business. He deposited the money for her allowance for the time he would be gone, and showed her how to make out her checks, and told her to be very careful how she made them out, and also to be sure and not overdraw her account. She promised to be careful—

**OPEN DEALING IN PAINT.**  
Buying paint used to be like the proverbial buying of a "pig in a poke." Mixtures in which chalk, ground rock, etc., predominated were marked and sold as "Pure White Lead," the deception not being apparent until the paint and the painting were paid for. This deception is still practiced, but we have learned to expose it easily.

National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, realizing the injustice that was being done to both property owners and honest paint manufacturers, set about to make paint buying safe. They first adopted a trade mark, the now famous "Dutch-Boy Painter," and put this trade mark, as a guarantee of purity, on every package of their White Lead. They then set about familiarizing the public with the glow-pipe test by which the purity and genuineness of White Lead may be determined, and furnished a glow-pipe free to every one who would write them for it. This action was in itself a guaranty of the purity of National Lead Company's White Lead.

As the result of this open dealing the paint buyer to-day has only himself to blame if he is defrauded. For test outfit and valuable booklet on painting address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York.

One idle man can keep several persons from doing the work they want to do.

**REMOVES CORNS WITHOUT PAIN.**  
ABBOTT'S EAST INDIAN CORN PAINT removes corns, root and all, without cutting or burning and leaves no soreness. It cures all corns between the toes, bunions, corns, callous spots. It cures all quick and permanent. Get it at your drugstore or 25c. to THE ABBOTT CO., Savannah, Ga.

Hot weather suggestion—Get your best girl miffed, then there will be coolness between you.

**Hicks' Capodine Cures Headache.**  
Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach, Mental Strain. No Astringent or dangerous drugs. Its Liquid Effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c., at drug stores.

**Old Schoolmates of Theirs.**  
A conductor sent a new brakeman to put some trunks off the train; they were riding in a box car. The brakeman dropped into the car and said, "Where are you fellows going?" "To Atchison," "Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train; no get off." "You get," same the reply, and as the new brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun he took the advice given him and "got." He went back to the caboose, and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellow off. "No," he answered, "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine." The conductor used some very strong language, and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose the brakeman said, "Well, did you put them off?" "Now, they're schoolmates of mine, too."—Washington (Kan.) News.

**Yield of an Indiana Honey Tree.**  
The first "bee tree" found in this part of the State for many years was discovered yesterday near Merom by James Edmondson, a Terra Haute man, who, with a fishing outfit, was heading down the Wabash River. After cutting down the tree and smoking the bees out, Mr. Edmondson got thirty pounds of fine wild honey.—Sullivan correspondence Indianapolis News.

**FRIENDLY TIP**  
**Restored Hope and Confidence.**  
After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc."

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help, I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died."

"One day a friend asked me why didn't try Grape-Nuts, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them."

"It wasn't long before I got strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my mind, and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I had better health now than before the attack of peritonitis."

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." —"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Ball Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A man one appears from time to time. He is genuine, true, and full of human interest.